

Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue to the King: being something gently consider'd, He bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his preience, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

*Clew.* He seemes to be of great authoritie; close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and slay'd aloue.

*Shep.* And please you (Sir) to vnderstand the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: He make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

*Aur.* After I haue done what I promised?

*Shep.* I Sir.

*Aur.* Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

*Clew.* In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be slay'd out of it.

*Aur.* Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, hee'll be made an example.

*Clew.* Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange fights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

*Aur.* I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

*Clew.* We are blest'd, in this man: as I may say, euen blest'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

*Aur.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement? I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he thinke it fit to shooe them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooue against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.*

*Clew.* Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence then done trespas: At the last Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill, With them, forgive your selfe.

*Leo.* Whilest I remember Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe; which was so much, That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and Destroy'd the sweetest Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of, true.

*Paul.* Too true (my Lord:)

If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be vnparallel'd.

*Leo.* I thinke so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

*Clew.* Not at all, good Lady:

You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

*Paul.* You are one of those

Would haue him wed againe.

*Dio.* If you would not so,

You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue, May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure Incertaine lookers on: What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holier, then for Royalties repaire, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe With a sweet Fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:

For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* said?

Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,

That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire,

Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,

As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,

And come againe to me: who, on my life,

Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,

My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,

The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*

Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor

Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* Good *Paulina*,

Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*

I know in honor: O, that euer I

Had squar'd me to thy counsell: then, euen now,

I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,

Haue taken Treasure from her Lippest.

*Paul.* And left them

More rich, for what they yeilded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth:

No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worle,

And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit

Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage

(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,

And begin, why to me?

*Paul.* Had she such power,

She had iust such cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me

To murder her I married.

*Paul.*

*Paul.* I should so:

Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't

You chose her: then I'd shrike, that euen your eares

Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,

Should be, Remember mine.

*Leo.* Starres, Starres,

And all eyes, else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;

I haue no Wife, *Paulina*.

*Paul.* Will you sweare

Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

*Leo.* Neuer (*Paulina*) so be blest'd my Spirit.

*Paul.* Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.

*Clew.* You tempt him ouer-much.

*Paul.* Vnlesse another,

As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,

Affront his eye.

*Clew.* Good Madame, I haue done.

*Paul.* Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;

No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office

To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young

As was your former, but she shall be such

As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy

To see her in your armes.

*Leo.* My true *Paulina*,

We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.

*Paul.* That

Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:

Neuer till then.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizel*,

Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (she

The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires access

To your high preience.

*Leo.* What with him? he comes not

Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach

(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,

This not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd

By need, and accident. What Trayne?

*Ser.* But few,

And those but meane.

*Leo.* His Princesse (say you) with him?

*Ser.* I: the most peerlesse peece of Earth, I thinke,

That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

*Paul.* Oh *Hermione*,

As euer present Time doth boast it selfe

Above a better, gone; so must thy Graue

Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe

Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now

Is colder then that Theame: she had not bene,

Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse

Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

To say you haue seene a better.

*Ser.* Pardon, Madame:

The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)

The other, when she ha's obtain'd your Eye,

Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,

Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale

Of all Professors else; make Profelytes

Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Ser.* Women will loue her, that she is a Woman

More worth then any Man: Men, that she is

The rarest of all Women.

*Leo.* Goe *Cleomines*,

Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,

He thus should steale vpon vs. *Exit.*

*Paul.* Had our Prince

(Iewel of Children) seene this houre, he had pay'd

Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth

Betweene their births.

*Leo.* Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st

He dyes to me againe, when talk'd of: sure

When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that, which may

Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

*Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.*

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince;

For she did print your Royall Father off,

Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,

Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,

(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,

As I did him, and speake of something wildly

By vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,

And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh; alas;

I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth

Might thus haue stood, begetting wonderes;

You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost

(All mine owne Polly) the Societie,

Amitie too of your braue Father, whom

(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life

Once more to looke on him.

*Flo.* By his command

Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him

Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)

Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie

(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd

His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe

The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,

Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues

(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,

And those that beare them, liuing.

*Leo.* Oh my Brother,

(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre

Afresh within me: and these thy offices

(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters

Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,

As is the Spring to th' Earth, And hath he too

Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull vsage

(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,

To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,

Th' aduerture of her person?

*Flo.* Good my Lord,

She came from *Libia*.

*Leo.* Where the Warlike *Smalus*,

That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

*Flo.* Most Royall Sir,

From thence: from him, whose Daughter

His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence

(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,

To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,

For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine

I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;

Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie

Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)

But my arriual, and my Wifes, in safetie

Here, where we are.

*Leo.* The blessed Gods

Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you

Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,

A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So